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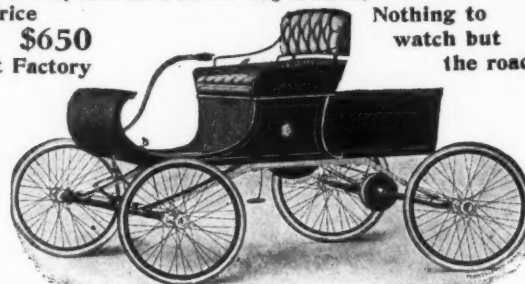
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# LIFE



"Always room at the top."

## Disputed.

"STAY, Henry," quoth Susan, "you're getting too high, Just there is the right place to stop!"  
 "Nay, Susan, you're off," is the bold youth's reply,  
 "There always is room at the top."

## A Proper Caution.

**YELLOW EDITOR:** I see you denounce that last police shake-up story as a lie.

**NEW REPORTER:** Yes, sir.

"Well, I want to caution you that when denouncing any story as a lie, you want to be careful that it did not originate with us."



A QUICK JOB IN COLOR WORK.





"While there is Life there's Hope."

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ject for discussion as it has been at any time during the last three months. A little coal is being mined and sent to market, but not enough to do much good. All dates set by sanguine people for the termination of the strike have passed. The public is already enormously inconvenienced by the lack of fuel, and the cold weather is so near at hand as to make the prospect for the winter extremely disconcerting. Discussion of the causes of the strike and of the merits of the contestants' cases has pretty much ceased, but certainly the operators have a much larger share of public support than the Miners' Union. No one expects now that the end will come by the submission of the operators to Mitchell, or in any other way than by the gradual disintegration of the strike. It is strongly felt that the whole anthracite coal supply of the country ought not to be controlled by a handful of corporations and owners, but it is still more strongly felt that it ought not to be controlled by an irresponsible aggregation of miners. The State of Pennsylvania might seize the mines and compensate the owners, just as water supplies are seized for the benefit of the

public, but the State of Pennsylvania is politically rotten, and one shudders at the idea of such a property as the anthracite mines being administered by it. The Pennsylvania Legislature might repeal the laws restricting and regulating the employment of miners, and maybe it will, but the prospect seems to be that the trouble will go on until the majority of the miners get ready to go to work, and that until that happens, and for some time after, coal will be very scarce and very dear. It looks as if the Americans would have the chance of a lifetime to learn to live in cold houses, on cold food. The lesson may do them good, but they will not take kindly to the teaching, and their appeal to every one who can influence the situation is likely to be clamorous.



THE arctic explorers—Peary, Baldwin and Sverdrup—have all come home, and all in fairly good order. The Baldwin-Ziegler expedition brought back a quarrel and disappointed its backers. Mr. Baldwin's experience with his captain and Lieutenant Peary's experience with his doctor attest that the far north is a trial to the tempers of folks from the temperate zone. Lieutenant Peary went farther north than any American has been before, but not so far as Nansen and Abruzzi went. He has won credit by his geographical work and by his remarkable sledge journeys. Moreover, though he did not reach the pole he thinks he learned how it ought to be done. The great point, it seems, is to start high, not leaving too much distance to be covered by the final dash with dogs and sledges. Lieutenant Peary believes that a dash for the pole by a well-equipped and competent man from latitude eighty-three will win. It is quite a trick to winter as far north as eighty-three and to find oneself duly fed up and ready with enough dogs and Eskimos to make the dash at the proper moment. These things Mr. Peary seems to know how to do as well as any one living, and probably his experience will be valu-

able to the next adventurer who makes the attempt. Reaching the pole is getting to be largely a matter of money. If enough supplies can be deposited far enough north the thing can probably be done. The drawback is that it is so much a question whether the achievement is worth so much trouble.



CAN we not arrange somehow to get Mr. Morgan's recently acquired pictures and objects of art into this country? He does not bring them home because the duties on them would be a huge sum. He might get them in duty free by giving them to some American museum, but he is not yet ready to do that. Since Mrs. Gardner, of Boston, incorporated her wonder house in the Fens as a museum, she has been able to bring home pictures and like merchandise duty free. It is understood that Mr. Morgan's collections would be put on exhibition here if he could get them into the country, but as it is, he keeps them in London rather than pay the duties. In Italy the Government forbids the exportation of famous works of art. Here we sternly discourage the importation of such things. It is a mistake.



THE shrubs that were planted two or three years ago in the Riverside Park in New York have thriven so well that a large part of the river view is now shut off from persons walking through the Park. At the lower end of the Park the river bank is ugly, being bordered with wharves and disfigured with railroad tracks. The shrubs shut out a great deal that is unsightly, but in doing so they shut out the river. One observes in walking along the Park on a Sunday afternoon that the benches that command the river view are filled with people, and those that command a view of the shrubs go bare. One does not go to the Riverside to look at shrubs, but to see the river. In so far as the shrubs shut out the river they are an annoyance analogous to the theatre hat, which was once so sore a trial.





AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

"I WANT MY WATCH FIXED. IT HAS STOPPED TWICE."  
 "IT IS GOING NOW. BETTER WAIT TILL IT HAPPENS AGAIN."  
 "BUT WHAT IF IT SHOULDN'T STOP AGAIN?"

### Life's Race.

OF two who in life's race may run  
 For the wide goal of death,  
 One gains an olive wreath, and one,  
 A little loss of breath.

P. S. Haw.

### A Psychological Novel.\*

"IT seems to me," exclaimed the duck with that emotional exaggeration which he had inherited from his great-aunt on the left-hand side of his family. For some time he stood on the edge of the pond engaged in struggle with his highly developed conscience. Precisely what constitutes morbidity of conscience baffles the psychologist to determine; probably it arises from a too delicate sensitiveness, or from eating raw worms.

After some hesitation he took a step forward with one of those gestures which the observer observes in the laboratory of life. Highly significant such gestures are. If one could trace them back to the mind, one would find a new science—the science of gesticulology.

\*Don't read this unless you like this sort of

I do not say that the gesture was awkward, for it was distinctly appropriate to the duck—it had the beauty of complete duckdom. Had a horse made the gesture, the novelist would be compelled to recognize it as one of the ugly details in an inscrutable world. But the gesture belonged to the duck; it was his birthright.

Let me say, however, to those who demand a novelist to hurry his characters into unexplained action, that the duck was not conscious of the gesture. His mind was full of more momentous considerations.

For some time he had had a desire to plunge into the pond. But he had chastened and rebuked his desires, not because they were wrong, but because they were interesting. Had he given way to them, they would have been converted into action and so placed outside the province of the true novelist.

But for all his determination not to do the natural thing, the duck was susceptible to what, for want of a better term, we call the weather. It is a

problem how far we are physical; perhaps, after all, life is fundamentally biological. To put it in epigram, we may be more harassed by a flea than by an idea.

It was so with the duck. The sun was intensely meridional. The process which was working out in one of the lobes of the duck's brain, or of his ear, I dare not say which, came inexplicably to an end. With bewildering precipitation he waddled into the water, causing such ripples as are characteristic of normal ponds. He had made the sacrifice of thought to action. After that life meant to him something pathetically different.

J. A. Macy.

### Richesse Oblige.

NOR did these fortunate persons seek to evade the responsibilities which wealth brings.

No sooner had it transpired that the evil of the times was the sweat-shop, than ten trillionaires united in giving a million each for the foundation of laboratories, where should be conducted, regardless of expense, experiments looking to the production of a serum or other convenient agency for the suppression of sensible perspiration.

It was a noble charity, and a charity, mark you, impossible except as great fortunes were possible.

IF, as scientists aver, the people of Mars have lived a million years longer than we have, of course they are much further advanced. One is made quite giddy with the thought of how much their society women probably spend in entertaining, or how much seats in their stock exchanges sell for.



THE FALLACY OF FAITH.

A WONDROUS FAITH HEALER ONE DAY  
 HAD TO KEEP ALL HIS PATIENTS AT BAY,  
 WHILE HE HID IN HIS BOOTH  
 WITH A RIOTOUS TOOTH,  
 WHICH HIS FAITH COULDN'T STOP, STRANGE TO SAY.

### Our Fresh-Air Fund.

At a meeting of the trustees of the Industrial School Association, Brooklyn, E. D., held September 17, 1902, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Board are due and hereby tendered to the proprietor of the LIFE weekly magazine for the entertainment afforded two hundred children of the Industrial School Association, Brooklyn, E. D., at his farm at Branchville, Conn., from July 18 to 31, free of charge. Under the direction of the Rev. U. O. Mohr and his good wife the children enjoyed the happiest two weeks of their life and came home all well and in high glee.

Benj. N. Wilson, President.

Geo. H. Fisher, Secretary.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., September 19, 1902.

Conductor Duss and his band have tendered to LIFE's Fresh-Air Fund a benefit concert, to be given at the Metropolitan Opera House next spring. In behalf of its charity LIFE thanks Conductor Duss for his generous offer and will notify its readers of the date of the concert.



MARIE CORELLI'S new romance, *Temporal Power*, will probably be one of the most widely discussed pieces of current fiction. The curiously inclined will find amusement in fitting the shoes of her characters to the feet of certain exalted personages; the pessimists and the fanatics will enjoy her circus riding upon her favorite hobbies, and all must credit her with keen thrusts at modern governmental methods. She is brilliant and illogical, pertinent and impractical. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)

A thoroughly characteristic romance from the pen of S. R. Crockett is *The Dark o' the Moon*. The scene is laid among Scottish gypsy clans and is full of action and interest. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

A political novel is one of the many things which, if well done, is very attractive, and if indifferently handled is hopeless. *Margaret Bowlby*, by Edgar L. Vincent, is of the latter type. (The Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston. \$1.50.)

Joseph Conrad's *Typhoon* is in several respects rather an exceptional piece of work. It contains one of the most terribly realistic pictures of a storm at sea that has ever been penned. It contains a character study in Captain McWhirr fit to stand for a type, and incidentally it contains an amusing story. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00.)

*A Prophet of the Real*, by Esther Miller,

is a variation of the old theme of love ensuing upon a marriage of convenience. A prominent novelist marries a girl to study her character for his new book. Believe that and the rest is not only easy but well studied and interesting. (J. F. Taylor and Company. \$1.50.)

Stories about stage life by an actress sums up *By the Stage Door*, by Ada Patter-

son and Victory Bateman. Stories founded upon facts and told with a sincere desire to show truly some bits of the best side of stageland; here lies their merit. Literary perception and the deft touch of the expert short story teller they lack. (The Grafton Press. \$1.50.)

Admirers of Miss Mary MacLane, formerly of Butte, Montana, are advised not



"WHY, JONES SAID TO ME ONLY THIS MORNING: 'TOM, CAN YOU MAKE YOUR WIFE HAPPY?' AND I SAID, 'NO, JONES. NO MAN CAN MAKE HIS WIFE HAPPY. NO WOMAN IS CONTINUOUSLY HAPPY. THE BEST WE CAN DO IS TO CONTINUE SO TO MITIGATE THE CONDITIONS OF BONDAGE THAT ALL THE ALTERNATIVES WILL SEEM ON REFLECTION TO BE INEXPEDIENT.'"



"DO YOU THINK HER ROYAL HIGHNESS SHOWS ANY INTENTION TO EMBRACE CHRISTIANITY?"

"YES, INDEED. SHE HAS ARRANGED TO MARRY YOU THIS VERY AFTER-NOON!"

to read *The Story of Lizzie McGuire*, by herself. It would fret them and would doubtless make them no wiser. The balance of the public will find half an hour's amusement in the "confessions" of this Chelsea, Massachusetts, maiden. (Henry A. Dickerman and Son.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

*Billy Burgundy's Letters.* (J. F. Taylor and Company. 75c.)

*Daniel Webster.* By Samuel W. McCall. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 80c.)

*Cyr's Advanced First Reader.* By Ellen M. Cyr. (Ginn and Company, Boston. 30c.)

*Harvard University Songs.* Compiled by E. F. Du Boise. (Oliver Ditson Company, Boston.)

Vitality.

**S**ENATOR CLARK paying two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for a dozen rugs to put in his new house leaves no reasonable doubt that it costs at least as much to break into good society to-day as it ever cost.

Further, it is authoritatively given out that the Newport colony have succeeded in spending more money this season than they spent any previous season.

Accordingly one is puzzled to hear it claimed, in seeming seriousness, that our leisure class is decadent.

## The Latest in Automobiles.

Young gentlemen with money, who wish to amuse themselves in the most fashionable manner, are requested to examine our stock.



Rome had its gladiators, but the automobile renders the pleasure of our leisure class equally bloody, while safer and more exciting.

**Style A. THE RAM.** This machine, though light, can easily run down and smash any ordinary vehicle. It makes no noise, its object being to damage rather than to scare, by stealing upon its victims. But it has a daisy smell.

**Style B. THE BLOODSPILLER.** This has all the principal advantages of the modern automobile. It has a sickening smell and comes down the road with a terrifying clatter, sure to stampede any ordinary horse. Battering ram in front.

**Style C. THE CHILDKILLER SPECIAL.** A machine designed especially to dispatch curbstone infants. Swift in its methods.

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**AERIAL ATTACHMENT.** This, fastened onto your automobile in front, tosses pedestrians in the air to a considerable height, affording much amusement. Smaller sizes for children.

**THE WHIFF.** This is a reservoir of the most awful smells experts have ever devised. It is worked by means of a hose, and can be turned into the faces of all who pass, without personal discomfort to the operator.

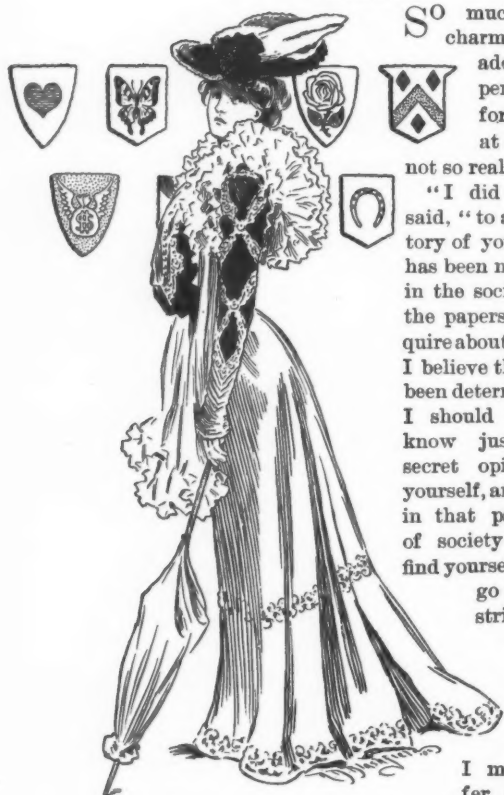
Worth While.

**SHE:** I should like to know what good your college education did you?

**HE:** Well, it taught me to owe a lot of money without being annoyed by it.



### A Confidential Chat with Miss Penelope Astorbilt.



SO much of outward charm attaches to this adorable young person, that one forgets in gazing at her that she is not so real as she seems.

"I did not come," I said, "to ask you the history of your life, for that has been made plain to me in the society columns of the papers, nor yet to inquire about your future, for I believe that has already been determined upon, but I should really like to know just what your secret opinion is about yourself, and your position in that particular strata of society in which you find yourself. If I should go entirely by that striking line of

Kipling's:

'The colonel's lady and Julia O'Grady  
Are sisters under the skin,'

I might easily infer that, after all,

you are but a woman, and thus arrive at my own conclusions, gathered from my experience with your sex in general."

Miss Penelope regarded me with a mild look of concern.

"You're off your trolley a bit," she said. "Here, take a wee nippy. I hate high balls, but I find a b. and s. is a good leveler after dancing until four G. M., and this may put you on your feet."

I gazed at her in some surprise.

"Every day," I said, "I learn something new about women, but this is rather startling. Here you are, a member of the smart set, daughter of millions, graduate of Miss Pillikin's school on upper Fifth Avenue, and somehow I had an idea you were a hothouse plant, a sort of lay figure for foreign noblemen to negotiate for—with a mind like the quatrains in a magazine—used here and there to fill up odd spaces."

"Oh, come off," said Miss Penelope. "I'm exactly like the rest of the push—I'm in for a good time while the wheel spins, for to-morrow I may be

'Myself with yesterday's seven thousand years.'

Papa and mamma, you know, have all kinds of money, and I'm burning it to beat the band. I toady to them as a matter of course, to make them have a proper pride in me, but I get up my own gowns, pick my own crowd, keep myself in condition of course, because it pays, play the

paces on the quiet, run around the world a little, and keep myself from being bored the best way I know how. When I've sowed my wild oats I mean to settle down, marry some real live lord, with a pedigree at least as long as my favorite hunter, and live in London town. Have a cork tip?"

"You're a wonder," I exclaimed. "Really, now, Miss Penelope, I never dreamed you were like this. Alas! I fear I have wasted a lot of foolish sentiment upon you."

"You silly thing!" she exclaimed. "But for fair now, what did you think I was—a wax doll—a piece of salable property?"

A tear glistened in my eye at the recollection.

"Well, no," I replied. "Not exactly that. But you know, pondering on the sociological conditions in general, my mind has often gone out to you, perhaps in sympathy, perhaps in pity. To use your own language, I 'sized' you up, first as a young, innocent creature, with an undeveloped heart, a certain amount of misplaced education, who had been the victim of circumstances. I said: 'Here is a young girl so hemmed in by artificiality, by mere glitter, by conventionality—in a word, by the almighty dollar, that she never can be a true woman. She grows up with a tender, loving heart, that longs to be true to itself, but is prevented by the very conditions that surround it. The result is that she is obliged to sacrifice herself to this Moloch, and, secretly longing for the simplicity of Arcadia, passes her life in vain regrets.'"

Miss Penelope lifted her dainty hands in derision.

"What awful rot!" she exclaimed. "My dear boy, you are in a bad way. Now, don't fool yourself. I'm having the best time in the world."

"But, seriously now," I observed, "how about that



"MUCH OF A CROWD WHERE YOU SPENT YOUR VACATION?"

"I SHOULD SAY SO! COULDN'T CROOK MY ARM WITHOUT FINDING A GIRL'S WAIST INSIDE."



OUR COLLEGE BOYS.

*In the Football Suit:* CHARLIE, YOU WERE DRUNK LAST NIGHT.  
 "BY JOVE, OLD CHAP. THAT'S AWFULLY GOOD OF YOU TO SAY SO!"

heart of yours? Wasn't it once a fluttering, tender, palpitating young thing with real longings?"

My fair friend got up, and coming over to my chair, lifted a taper finger in mild protest.

"My dear boy, I have always been above such a deplorable weakness."  
*Tom Masson.*

**Humorous.**

ONCE a citizen took his children to a dark, moldy, old schoolhouse, with a view to entering them there.

"But your children have not been vaccinated," objected the authorities.

"No," replied the citizen, "I think it better to fight smallpox with nature's own weapons—plenty of pure air and sunshine."

The authorities regarded the citizen narrowly at this, and, observing that he was not insane, conceived that he was doubtless joking, and laughed heartily.

**In Constant Use.**

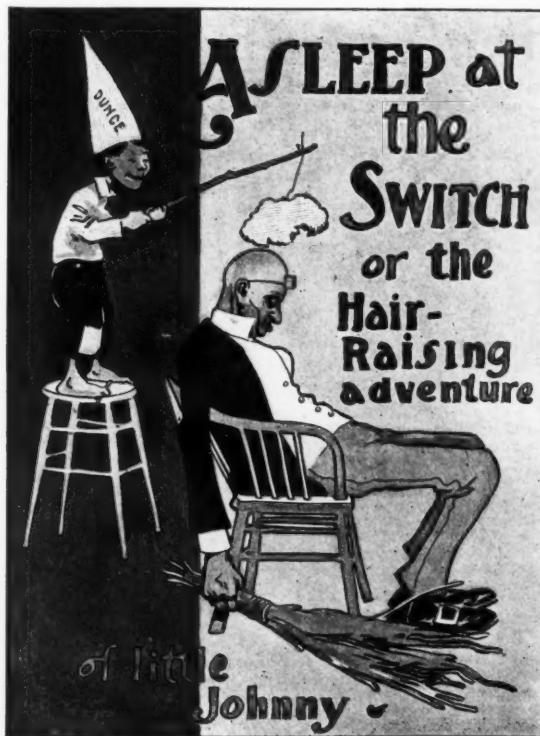
"LET me see a copy of *Joe Miller's Jest Book*, please," said the visitor at the Congressional Library.

"Not a copy here," answered the polite attendant. "The newspaper correspondents have all of them. They are getting up their daily batch of new and amusing anecdotes told by the members of Congress."

"I DON'T know whether to give a theatre or dinner party."

"Better give a dinner party. You'll have to pay cash for a theatre party."

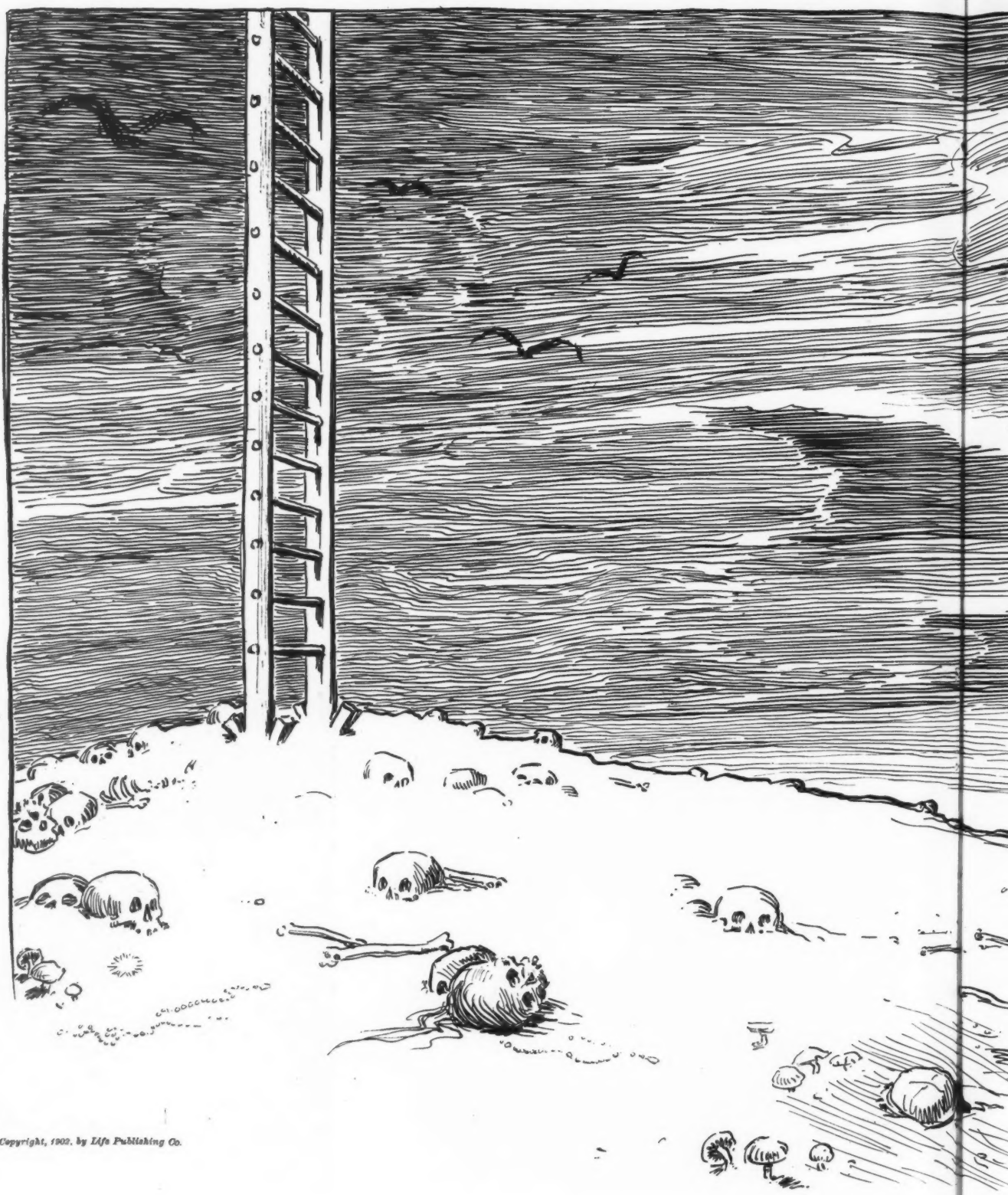
SOME NEW BOOK COVERS.



THRILLING.



ROMANTIC.



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THE SOCIAL LADDER.



### Clean Musical Comedy and Unclean Drama.



MISS MINNIE ASHLEY.

CONFESSION may be good for the soul, but it certainly grows monotonous when one is always confessing the same thing. This time it is to confess again that the British certainly beat us in contriving clean, amusing and bright musical comedy. "A Country Girl," just imported from London to Daly's Theatre, is excellent evidence of the fact. It would be absurd to compare it with the Tenderloin shows which our theatrical purveyors insist are the only form of entertainment suited to the liking of the American public. "A Country Girl" bears evidences of intelligence, refinement and good taste utterly foreign to the slangy, horse-play conglomerations put forth by our own managers to catch American dollars. This is the main object of such pieces, to be sure, and one would think that the money success of "A Country Girl" and the fact that it is valuable theatrical property would stimulate our producers to secure better musical and literary brains to provide their musical comedies. The fact that it takes brains to recognize brains may account for their not doing this.

Five composers and writers have joined forces to create "A Country Girl," and as the programme does not specify the work of each it is impossible to discriminate among them. The piece has enough of plot for a musical comedy, and much of its dialogue and some of its songs are really funny. Its music, while not reaching the highest level in its kind, is bright and not on hackneyed themes. It is in the ensemble that the Englishmen are clever, and the proper proportion and arrangement of song, speech, dance, costume, pretty girls and fun is largely what gives their pieces of this sort their attractiveness.

The company is competent. The legitimate stage, which can poorly afford it, loses in Mr. William Norris an excellent actor, who here becomes a really amusing musical comedian—not too musical, but certainly a comedian. His honors and dances are shared by Miss Minnie Ashley, to whom the descriptive and very appropriate adjectives

"dainty" must have become a bore. Miss Helen Marvin as Nan is a very picturesque country girl, indeed, and sings and acts the part acceptably. The chorus girls are the best collection seen here for some time, and the stage settings are gorgeous and artistic.

"A Country Girl" is clean and amusing. It is one of the best entertainments in town.



ENGINEERS the world over are unanimous in the belief that sewers should be put under ground where they can neither offend the senses nor endanger the welfare of the community. Mr. A. W.

Pinero evidently believes they should be dramatized and put on the stage for the inspection of any one who has the price of admission to a theatre. This is unfortunate, because Mr. Pinero holds such a high position among the few surviving dramatists that anything he does is sure of a hearing and wide discussion. He is expert with the tools of his trade and can mould almost anything into attractive form. A writer less known might be forgiven for choosing such themes to attract a certain kind of attention. One less skilful might use them to make matter take the place of manner. Mr. Pinero needs neither excuse, and it is to be regretted that his choice of topics for stage presentation goes to make belief in the theories of Lombroso and Nordau.

In "Iris" the unpleasant theme dominates everything else. Divested of the coloring Mr. Pinero gives it, the story would be a short and commonplace one. Summed up, it is that of a weak woman loved by and

loving a young man presumably good and certainly poor. From him she is lured by another man, bad and rich. Thereby she loses the good young man, and the bad one, from motives of prudence, as he explains, casts her forth on the world. The play stops here, and Mr. Pinero, following the methods of *l'art nouveau*, leaves the rest of the story to the imagination.

"Iris," it will be seen, points no moral and teaches no lesson. Were *Iris Bellamy* a stronger character, the play might be taken as reiterating the fact that sometimes the way of the transgressor is hard. This *Iris*, though, is such an unpleasantly weak and mercenary person that even that lesson is lost and we are rather glad she gets the worst of it. Neither in the drawing of the character nor in Miss Virginia Harned's portrayal of it is there much that is noteworthy or commendable. Miss Harned made such an agreeable impression in "The Dancing Girl" that we have been looking to her to repeat that success, but her efforts have been in other directions and she has become a leading lady of the conventional type. Her methods are of the stage stagey. In *Frederick Maldonado* Mr. Pinero has placed on the stage a strong character too often encountered in real life. He is a Jew with the money and vulgarity of the objectionable members of his race, and also with the curious passion for the Gentile woman so much in evidence among his kind in gay centres the world over. The interpretation is by Mr. Oscar Asche, a stranger to our stage, and who gives to the part all the force, magnetism and brutality it requires. It is too soon to say that Mr. Asche is a very good actor, but he is certainly very good as *Maldonado*. Both the character and Mr. Asche's personality are so dominating that they rather rob the rest of the cast of its coloring, such good actors as Mr. William Courtney and Miss Hilda Spong becoming mere shadows by contrast. By very careful detail work Mr. Herbert Ross manages to give considerable value to *Croker Harrington*, the weak friend of the weak heroine, a cleverly drawn type from real life. In a minor part, Miss Louise Drew, an attractive daughter of John, of that artistic ilk, makes her New York debut very prettily.

"Iris," although not pleasing, will be found rather interesting by students of morbid humanity.

Of course it is the Theatrical Syndicate which "presents" a play like "Iris," thereby showing a strange confidence in its customers. The piece was virtually a failure in London, but the Syndicate seems to think it has educated New York down to a lower level.

Metcalfe.



Photograph by McIntosh.

MISS HELEN MARVIN AS NAN IN "A COUNTRY GIRL."

### Ballade of Advice.



T Fortune do you curse?  
At Fate do you complain?  
To friends do you rehearse  
Wild figments of your brain?  
Is all chaff and no grain  
The fault of sieve or siever?  
Perhaps you love in vain?  
Take something for your liver!  
Is all your language terse?  
Is happiness your bane?  
Have you a grudge you nurse?  
Does pleasure give you pain?  
Do you from wine refrain,  
Content to burn or shiver,  
A melancholy Dane?  
Take something for your liver!  
Go things from bad to worse,  
With no turn in the lane?  
Do you detest this verse,  
And revel in Hall Caine?  
Is your star on the wane?  
Have you no comfort-giver  
When bitter cups you drain?  
Take something for your liver!

ENVOY.

Laugh, if you would regain  
Your health; don't try the river  
Lest you be found in seine.  
Take something for your liver!

Felix Carmen.

**L**ACK of money makes the man,  
and much of it the fellow.

### The College Professor and Nature.

**A**T the beginning of the summer vacation, a high-nosed, scant-whiskered College Professor announced that he was about to set forth on a walking tour in order that he might seek and commune with Nature in her most secret haunts. Without openly stating the fact, he felt that if all reports were true, she was worthy his patronage.

After journeying for several days, he came upon her, busily painting some vines upon the mountain-side, but he failed to recognize her, never having met her before in his life.

"Aha!" said the College Professor, putting up his eye-glasses the better to examine her work, "Something of an artist! Oh, my dear young lady," dropping his glasses, "I beg you to tone down those crude splashes of red, yellow and green. It has been my privilege to help and guide others throughout my life, and I trust that you will allow me to be of some assistance to you. Soften down your tints, by all means. They are an offence to the cultivated eye."

"But," said Nature, viewing him with

some disfavor, "I am considered rather clever with the brush, and Originality, who just passed this way, said —"

At the mention of Originality's name, the College Professor fell to the ground in a convulsion. "Rash woman!" he cried upon recovering. "Pause ere you mention that name to me! Do you not know the College Professors' creed? 'There is but one Devil, and his name is Originality.' Why, Madam, I have myself written a little work which is especially recommended to parents and teachers, 'Five Hundred Ways of Suppressing Originality in a Child.' With that and the daily use of my Culture Machine, which I have recently patented, any one may become cultured, colorless, conceited and conservative."

"Do you then know everything?" asked Nature.

"In confidence, I may say that I have skimmed the cream of all subjects. Have you any other accomplishments, my dear young lady, that you would like me to pass judgment upon?"

"I am considered something of a musician," replied Nature, and for half a day she sang him her most wonderful songs. At last, the College Professor begged her to desist. "You have already given me nervous prostration," he said, "with your primeval, archaic, inartistic music. Now, my dear Miss or Madam, take my advice. Go to college for a year or two. You have talent, and with the proper environment and training, we may hope great things of you. I wish I knew of your heredity."

"But I am something of a teacher myself," said Nature.

The College Professor laughed satirically, he really could not help it. "And where is your school?" he asked with indulgent amusement.

"My school is the world, for I am Nature."

The College Professor fainted. When he revived, he found himself alone. Nature had disappeared. His first impulse was to return at once to his college and denounce this Delilah who had hypnotized the great and wise of all ages; but just as he had arrived at this decision, he realized that it would be a distinctly original thing to do, so, of course, that was out of the question.

After the first disillusionment and disappointment, he experienced a certain pride in the fact that he alone, of all the world, was impervious to her spell. It denoted a lofty superiority.

Therefore, when he returned to his college, he always took occasion slightly to disparage Nature. "We have—ah—" he was wont to say to a few intimate friends, "reached a plane of refinement where we



E.N. CLARK

SEVERING HIS CONNECTION WITH THE CHURCH.

demand a rarefied, intellectual atmosphere, and, between ourselves, I regard Nature as essentially vulgar."

"Quite so," said the friends, sipping a little diluted liquid air with their compressed food.

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.

**L**OVE has no law except that of supply and demand.

### Counter-irritant.

"**G**OOD HEAVENS, old man, what have you got in your carriage?"

"Nothing, old fellow, but my usual box of limburger. It helps me to bear with the automobiles I meet."





SUNSHINE DOWN ON THE FARM.

Hiram John Business Oatcake (farmer): TWO YEAR OLD, FULL JERSEY, REGISTERED. FIFTY DOLLARS CASH.  
 Cholly Gotarwad (agriculturist): A REEFAW! YOU CAWN'T FOOL ME! SHE'S SO BLAWSTED OLD SHE'S LOST HER UPPAW INCISAWS!

### Chesterfield Sandbag to His Son.



**MY DEAR BOY:** Vulgar display is an injury to a financier in his early stages; it suggests a lack of familiarity with prosperity which excites the scorn of those who have arrived, and the envy of those still breaking and entering. Avoid diamonds, cocktails, language

in the raw, and loud clothing; these luxuries belong only to the aristocrat of assured position, to the parvenu who has lost his newness and who has acquired a stable, a villa, a titled son-in-law, and a scandal—at Newport. Time and thrift will confer these social privileges on you.

Practice politeness; it is a polish that gives a mahogany value to Michigan pine. The soft word catches the soft thing. Better a gold brick with hot air, than watered stock with a brass band. Remember, however, that manners change with climate and language with latitude. The rugged simplicity and unvarnished rhetoric of the wheat-pit may make an idol of my financial friend, John W. Gates in Chicago, and yet be misunderstood in London. That great man, Jupiter Pluvius Morgan, who hobnobs with kings and floods coal mines, is a good model for you; and yet he is only John W. trimmed, sandpapered, oiled and polished. Avoid theories and illusions about genius and financial wisdom, grasp the fundamentals and trim

them to suit yourself. The qualities that make success in banking and burglary are the same. Success is attained and catastrophe avoided by knowing how to utilize men and circumstances. Why hit an inoffensive policeman with a sandbag, when a crisp bill will secure his co-operation? How maladroit to blow a bank safe at midnight, when a piece of paper properly doctored may secure its contents at midday.

Oil and water may not mix in chemistry, but they will in finance. Nothing makes a well-watered property slip into the pocket of the investor as easily as well-oiled language, delivered in a soft, smooth, low voice. A voice gentle and low is an excellent thing in woman; it is a gold mine in finance.

Courtesy, sense and smoothness are qualities to cultivate; but the greatest of these is smoothness. *Joseph Smith.*

### Out of Place.

**A**N extremely important Senator, going to confer with the President and four other Senators hardly less extremely important, as to matters of party policy, is induced to say that the coal strike will not be likely to come up for discussion.

"I can't see why it should come up," he adds.

And candidly, can anybody? None but a foolhardy doctrinaire, or a mere tyro in politics crudely imagining that legislation is in some way directed to the redress of real wrongs, would deliberately drag the coal strike into such a conference.



THE BRIDE'S OWN MAKE.

*The Two-legged Brute in the Chair: ISN'T IT REMARKABLE WHAT INSTINCT ANIMALS DISPLAY?*



A METHOD has been discovered of pumping the elastic properties of ozone into the atmosphere of a theatre.—*Evening Paper.*

Since means in theatres they now prepare  
Freshness to pump into the stagnant air,  
Soon, let us hope, they'll hit upon a way  
Of pumping some of it into the play.

—The London World.

A BACHELOR who lived near Paris managed to secure much amusement out of a "topsy-turvy room," which he had built in his house. A gentleman, who was one of a stag party that visited him from Saturday to Monday, says:

"When we woke up, about two o'clock, on Sunday morning after a jolly evening, one of our number, sound asleep on the couch in the billiard-room, was carried out like a log by a couple of servants. My host gave me a solemn wink, and told me that if a sudden summons came I was to rush from my bedroom, or else I might miss a sight worth seeing. I wanted nothing but sleep—and was relieved when the summons came to find that it was broad daylight. Yawning, I followed the valet, and found myself, with four others, silently peeping through little holes in a wall. The scene was absurd, ridiculous. A dazed man, slowly waking to full consciousness, was lying on a plastered floor, looking up in horror at a carpeted ceiling. Two heavy couches, an easy-chair, chairs and tables, securely fastened, stared down at him from above. The man's eyes at last rested on a flower-pot directly over his head, from which a flaring rose—apparently real—was blooming. He gave a cry, and, rolling over, grasped with frenzied hands the stem of the chandelier which came up through the floor. The host burst into the room with a loud laugh. 'They all do it,' he cried, 'they fear they will fall up to the ceiling.'"—*Argonaut.*

ENVIRONMENT has a great influence over the minds of children in determining what sort of knowledge they assimilate. The Philadelphia *Telegraph* reports this incident, the scene of which was the public school in a district where all the residents are skilled in farming:

A flag-raising was held at the schoolhouse, and after the banner had been flung to the breeze there was an exhibition

of the drawings which the pupils had made and the work they had done during the year. The teacher had recited to the class the story of the landing of the Pilgrims, and after she had finished she requested each pupil to try to draw from his or her imagination a picture of Plymouth Rock.

Most of them went to work at once, but one little fellow hesitated and at length raised his hand.

"Well, Willie, what is it?" asked the teacher.

"Please, ma'am, do you want us to draw a hen or a rooster?"—*Exchange.*

FOLLOWING are the rules and regulations posted in the European Hotel in Bloomington, Ill.:

Board, 50 cents per square foot; meals extra; breakfast at 6, supper at 7.

Guests are requested not to speak to the dumb-waiter; guests wishing to get up without being called can have self-rising flour for lunch.

Not responsible for diamonds, bicycles and other valuables kept on the counter; they should be kept under the safe.

The office is convenient to all connections; horses to hire, 35 cents a day.

Guests wishing to do a little driving will find hammer and nails in the closet.

If the room gets too warm open the window and see the fire escape.

If you are fond of athletics and like good jumping, lift the mattress and see the bed spring.

Baseballists desiring a little practice will find a pitcher on the stand.

If the lights go out, take a soda—that is light enough for any man.

Any one troubled with nightmare will find a halter in the barn.

Don't worry about paying your bill; the house is supported by its foundation.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A SOCIAL observer of humorous sympathies reports to the "Listener," of the Boston *Transcript*, a trait of a Chinese servant employed in a suburban family, which reveals a certain capability for ready assimilation with American methods of dealing with the tramp problem. A hungry

tramp called one Monday afternoon at the kitchen door, and was promptly challenged by John. To John the tramp told his tale of woe, ending with a humble petition for something to eat.

"Like fish?" asked John, in insinuating tones.

"Yes, I like fish," the tramp answered.

"Call Friday," said John, as he shut the door, with a smile imperturbable.—*Exchange.*

THERE are queer nooks and corners in England yet.

A country parson lately went to preach in an old remote parish one Sunday. The aged sexton, in taking him to the place, insinuatingly said:

"I hope your riv'rence won't mind preachin' from the chancel. Ye see, this is a quiet place, and I've got a duck sittin' on fourteen eggs in the pulpit."—*London Tit-Bits.*

A QUAKER city gossip tells this story on a young man who apologized for being late at a dinner party:

"Awfully glad to see you, Mr. Blank," said the hostess.

"So good of you to come. And all the way from New York, too! But where is your brother?"

"I am commissioned to tender his regrets. You see, we are so busy just now that it was impossible for both of us to get away, and so we tossed up to see which of us should come," said the young man.

"How nice! Such an original idea! And you won."

"No," said the young man, absently; "I lost."

—*Pittsburgh Bulletin.*

To give an additional fillip to a certain up-the-Thames hop the other night all the good boys and girls came in dresses that suggested famous novels. Most of them were easily guessed, but for a long time a stockbroking Johnnie with stripes and strips of birth notices cut from the other *Times* and sewn on his coat was a mystery. Eventually two beautiful daughters of Eve got him in a darkened place and begged, at least, to be told the name of the novel's author.

"Thackeray," whispered the bold youth.

Then did two furiously blushing maidens cry in chorus:

"Oh, of course—"The New-comes!"

—*Sporting Times.*

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Broom's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.

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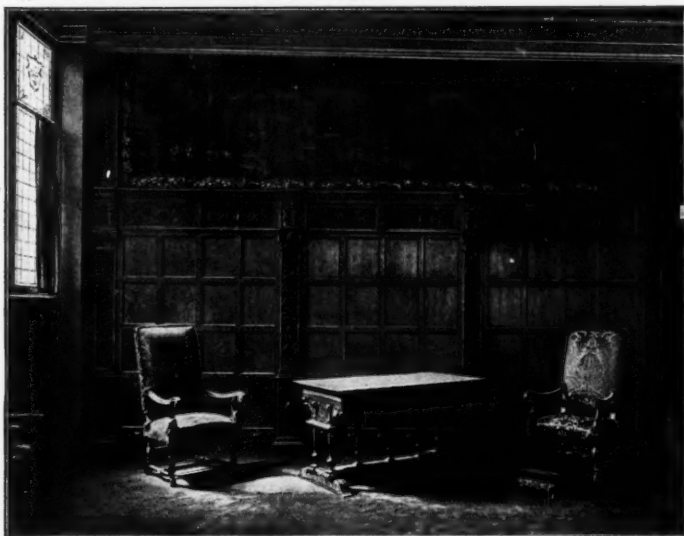
Cork Tips as well

## W. & J. Sloane

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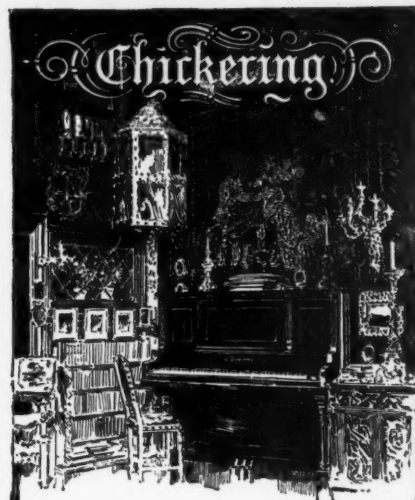
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OUR FOOLISH  
CONTEMPORARY

"Five pounds for a bonnet! Madam, it is a crime!"

"Well, the crime will be on my own head."

—Glasgow Evening Times.

SHE (time 11 P. M.): Are you aware of the fact that I am a mind reader?

HE: No, indeed. But to put you to the test, tell me what I'm thinking of.

"You are thinking of starting for home immediately."

—Chicago Daily News.

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SON: What's the matter, dad? You look worried.

FATHER (just retired from business): Well, you see, I've never been without things to worry me before.

—Detroit Free Press.

"Well, my son, what did you learn at school to-day?"

"Not to sass Tommy McNutt!"—Chicago Daily News.

"He made her an offer of his hand."

"Did she accept?"

"No. There wasn't enough in it."

—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

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"Don't you think that young man is afflicted with a swelled head?"

"No," answered Miss Cayenne; "he's not afflicted with it; he enjoys it."—Washington Star.

HE was wandering in Ireland and came upon a couple of men "in holts" rolling on the road. The man on top was pommeling the other within an inch of his life. The traveler intervened.

"It is an infernal shame to strike a man when he's down," said he.

"If you knew all the trouble I had to get him down," was the reply, "you wouldn't be talking like that."

—Sporting Times.

LEAVE for Old Point Comfort, Va., after lunch and cigar. Get there next morning after breakfast. Send to the Chamberlin for booklet.

"WHAT, sir, I ask you, is as deeply profound, as majestically impressive, as the silence of eternity?"

"H'm! What about the silence just preceding the curtain lecture?"—Baltimore News.

"HE used to take me to the theatre every other evening or so, but one evening when we were sitting in the parlor I foolishly allowed him to kiss me."

"What has that to do with the theatre?"

"Well, now, he wants to sit in the parlor all the time."

—Philadelphia Press.

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Yet purity costs us as much as the beer itself.

It requires absolute cleanliness. It compels us to filter even the air that cools the beer. Then we must carefully filter the beer, and sterilize every bottle after it is sealed.

And the beer must be aged for months in a temperature of 34 degrees, for otherwise the beer would cause biliousness.

Don't let your dealer decide which beer you shall drink, for he makes most on the common kinds.

Ask for Schlitz, for purity means healthfulness, yet that purity is free.

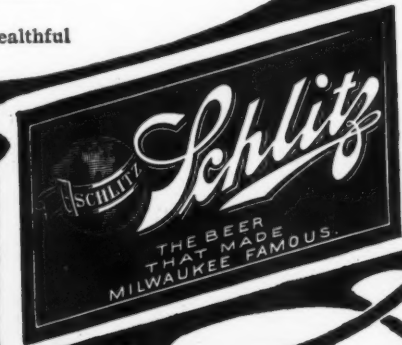
Not a beverage known to man is more healthful than beer, if it's pure.

Barley-malt and hops—a half-digested food and a tonic.

Your doctor says the weak must have it. Why not the strong?

But don't drink a germ-laden beer, when Schlitz is sold everywhere.

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—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

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### THEY ARE

1. His Fiancée
2. His Sister
3. The Girl Who Bored Him
4. His First Love

5. The Girl He Flirts With
6. The Girl With Money
7. The Girl Who Jilted Him
8. The Girl He Jilted

9. The Girl His Mother Wants Him to Marry
10. His Typewriter
11. The Girl He Golfs With

12. His Sister's Chum
13. His Platonic Friend
14. The Girl He Loves

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If you can tell which is which, now known only to the Editor of LIFE, who has marked each face with its proper number, and placed the picture in a sealed envelope to be opened January 15, 1903, on which date the contest closes. The person who identifies the greatest number of the young women will receive a prize of \$500. Should more than one identify an equal number, the prize will be divided.

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We send you by return express, prepaid, a proof of C. D. Gibson's exquisite picture, "Has She a Heart?" This is hand-printed on Japan paper, 15 x 20, matted, ready for framing, and sells at \$2.

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No page received after January 15, 1903, will be considered.

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## NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.

Department of Finance.  
BUREAU FOR THE COLLECTION OF TAXES,  
No. 57 Chambers Street,  
Borough of Manhattan.

New York, October 6th, 1902.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Assessment Rolls of Real Estate and Personal Property in the City of New York for the year 1902, and the warrants for the collection of taxes, have been delivered to the undersigned, and that all the taxes on said assessment rolls are now due and payable at the office of the Receiver of Taxes in the Borough in which the property is located, as follows:

BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN, No. 57 Chambers Street, Manhattan, N. Y.

BOROUGH OF THE BRONX, corner Third and Tremont Avenues, The Bronx, N. Y.

BOROUGH OF BROOKLYN, Rooms 2, 4, 6 and 8 Municipal Building, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BOROUGH OF QUEENS, corner Jackson Avenue and Fifth Street, Long Island City, N. Y.

BOROUGH OF RICHMOND, corner of Bay and Sand Streets, Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y.

In case of payment before the 1st day of November next, the person so paying shall be entitled to the benefits mentioned in Section 915 of the Greater New York Charter (Chapter 378, Laws of 1897), viz.: A deduction of interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum between the day of such payment and the 1st day of December next.

DAVID E. AUSTEN,  
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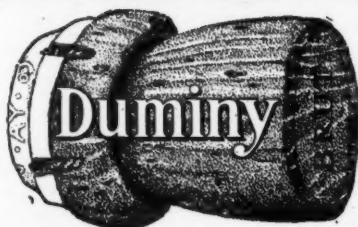
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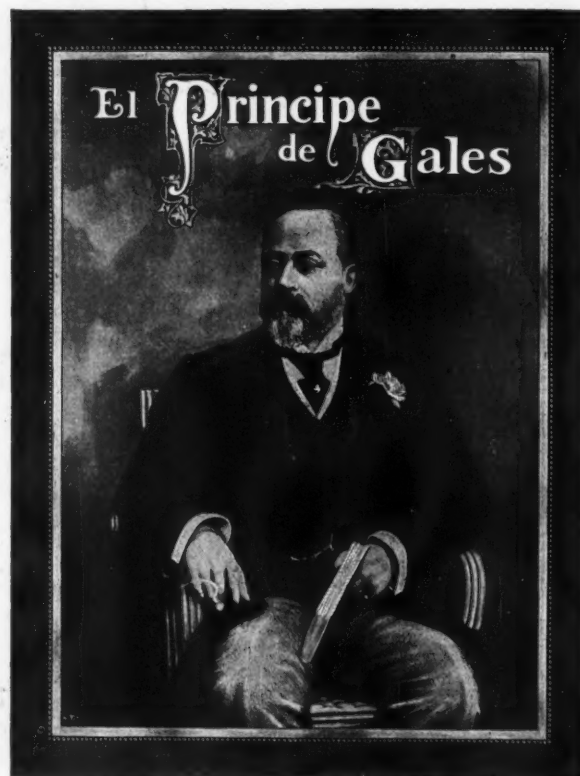
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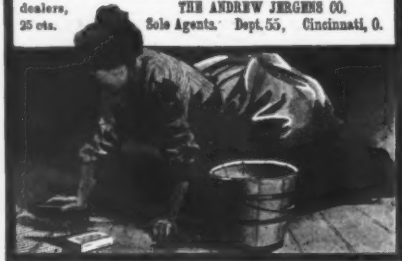


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